

## LETTER

TO

Dr THOMSON,

In ANSWER to the

## CASE

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WINNINGTON, Esq;

By WILLIAM DOUGLAS, M. D.

Physician to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's  
Household, and MAN-MIDWIFE.Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own  
lips testify against thee. JOB xv. 6.

Glysterium donare, postea seignare, ensuita purgare.

MOLIERE.

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A

# LETTER

TO

Dr THOMSON,

In ANSWER to the CASE of the  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Thomas Winnington, *Esq;*

SIR,



TAKE the Liberty of an Acquaintance, to address you, in this publick Manner. I am the more inclined to it, because few Gentlemen of the Faculty, care to give themselves the Trouble of Writing; and I think, as I have the Honour of being one of the Physicians to the Household of His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, as well as yourself, this small Piece will deserve your Notice, because it has \* *the Sanction of*

A 2

*a Name*

\* Vide p. 23.

*a Name, which will spare your Blush in the Contention.*

I do not enter the Lists with you to *asperse*, but to *inform* you, if you are to be informed; though that Information must carry the Face of Aspersion, since the former cannot be brought about without laying open many of your Failings and Deficiencies, which may give it the Colour of the latter. Believe me, Sir, the Lenity that has been used towards you, by the physical World, proceeds from pure Contempt, and you have now given them a more just Occasion to despise you than ever. They thought you ignorant, but not so ignorant as you have published yourself; they thought you audacious, but not so audacious as they find you; it being the Height of Assurance for a Man of invincible Impudence to affect a *Blush*.

Is it possible for any one, who has not thrown off all Sense of Regard due to Bodies of Men, to set out in the Manner you do? You would fain make the World believe, the whole Body of Physic are *shooting poisoned Arrows* at you, and you modestly account for the Reason, \* *private Interest* evidently *points out the Assassins*, and then conclude with the same Degree of Modesty, † *Nor is it to be wondered when the Shrines are*

\* Pag. 6.

† Ibid.

are in danger, that the Workmen should clamour in Support of the Craft. Would not one imagine that the Physicians in Town trembled, least you should carry off all the Busines, the total Practice center in you, and that the whole State of Physic would be turn'd topsy-turvy by the all-knowing and puissant Dr. Thomson? But, Sir, you are not, nor ever was, nor ever will be, a Man of Consequence enough to be honoured by their Notice. You would have roused their Resentment by private and publick Railings and Invectives, but to no Purpose. They do not think you worth contending with. When Don Quixote braved the Lion in his Madness (and he did in his Madness what some People do in their Folly) the noble Animal scorning so pitiful an Adversary, yawn'd, stretch'd, turn'd his A——, and stalk'd into his Cage again.

Before I proceed farther, I must observe, that though the Sense of the Introduction to your *Cafe*, and the winding it up is your's, the Stile and Diction is evidently another's; as any one may perceive, that will give himself the Trouble of reading your Book on the *Gout*, and comparing it with your *Pamphlet*. But let us examine the Sense of the next Paragraph. \* *Whatever Pretences some may make to Infallibility, Experience too fatally proves it is no Attribute*

of

*of the Physician* ; pray did ever any Physician pretend to Infallibility, as you would insinuate ? This is so far from being true, that the very contrary is certain. One of the most distinguishing Marks of a Quack indeed is, That of talking of certain Remedies, and infallible Cures : The Physician endeavours to cure his Patient without giving any Assurances farther than his Judgment will give him leave, and the Judgment of a good Physician is founded upon Reason and Practice; not such Reason and Practice as your's, which cannot be called either the one or the other ; as I shall prove before I have done with you.

You go on, sneering, \* and indeed was every Professor to be accountable for the Success of his Recipe, I fear the Bills of Mortality would furnish copious Subjects of Enquiry on the Conduct of the Faculty. I agree with you, that every Professor is not accountable for the Success of his Recipe, because it is always supposed that every Physician acts to the best of his Judgment, and not like you, who in direct Opposition to common Sense and Experience, act upon no Judgment at all. Physicians may mistake as well as other Men, but an Error in Judgment implies Judgment ; a Man must have some Knowledge to err ; a thorough ignorant Man cannot be said to err ; his good Success is Chance, and his

\* Pag. 6.

his bad a Certainty. I will venture to affirm and prove, that you have gone on in a very regular, uniform Course of Ignorance; I am now about to prove it in one Case, I could prove it in more, and the World begin to agree, it could be proved in most or all.

Part of your next Paragraph shall be taken Notice of by and by; at present I shall confine myself to your Observation, \* *that an implicit Belief in the Virtue of a Diploma, is often the best Security for the Reputation of the Doctor; I could furnish some illustrious Examples in Support of this Truth; so can I, Sir, and none can be more illustriously so than yourself. Had not you thought it the best Security for the Reputation of the Doctor, you would not have scared the Town with so strange and outlandish a Title as Prosyndic of Padua. A Prosyndic must certainly be a great Man! However, the Title suits well, and becomes you. Uncommon Titles suit uncommon Men.*

I cannot enter on the Examination of the Case till I have asserted, that the *magical Characters* (I suppose you mean the Quantities of Medicine) of a modern Prescription, are so far from being too mysterious for common Apprehension, that they are learnt in as little Time as the Reader has employed in  
the

the Perusal of this Sheet. But Dr *Thomson* knows it is dangerous to set down Quantities; and indeed how should a Man know, in what Quantity to prescribe, that is entirely ignorant of the Power and Virtue of Medicine?

You begin your *Cafe* at the latter End of March, without mentioning the Date, for which Reason we will suppose it the 25th, or 26th, or 27th of March, when he was seized suddenly with a Shivering, Head-ach, a great Lassitude, with wandering rheumatic Pains, he went to Bed, grew feverish, and was bled in the Morning, &c. You apprehended a rheumatic Fever, and therefore to prevent it, proposed his taking a little cooling Physic. The Physic was only a few Pills (just to keep his Body open) made up of *Cassia* and *Tamarinds*, Crystals of *Tartar*, *Nitre*, *Jalap*, &c. I wish, Sir, you had told us what Quantity of each of these Medicines you gave. How it should enter into the Head of a Man, to write such a Composition of Pills, I cannot conceive. Ask the first Apothecary's Prentice you meet, and he will tell you it is impossible to make Pills of *Cassia* and *Tamarinds*, and therefore it is no Wonder Mr *Winnington* did not take them. People say, that you was some Years with the late Mr *Manley*, an eminent Apothecary in *Beaufort-Buildings*: I find they are misinformed.

But the State of the Distemper was now no more

more than a general Cold, yet a common Cold is a Kind of Fever. Till you oblige the World with the Definition of a general Cold, a common Cold, a Kind of Fever, these Words must pass as meer Sounds, without Ideas annexed to them: However, Mr Winnington's Case was at last an acute Fever; he was, April 6, in as high a Fever as a Man could bear, and you ordered 10 or 12 Ounces of Blood to be taken away immediately, and no Medicine at all, but diluted with many Liquors, and amongst the rest with Milk and Water, and Milk-Porridge. Who ever heard, read, or saw Milk and Water, and Milk-Porridge ordered in an acute Fever? Do not you know, that Milk is prepared Chyle, and turns into Nourishment sooner than any Liquid whatever? Where the Circulation is slow and languid, and the Case requires Nourishment, Physicians order Milk; but where the Circulation is too quick, and the Mass of Blood so large as to require bleeding in a plentiful Quantity, it is the direct Way to increase the Fever. I defy you to show any Authority either ancient or modern to justify you in this Article, of giving Milk and Milk-Porridge in an acute Fever.

April 7, you perceived the Symptoms rather increased, and a Sweating had begun in the Night. The Person who wrote your Introduction and Conclusion, would have said,

and he began to sweat in the Night; and a judicious Physician would have thought him the better for his beginning to sweat, and would have ordered him such Medicines as should have promoted it, it being a Rule laid down in *Hippocrates*, and all the ancient Writers, and confirmed by the Moderns, always to observe Nature, and to follow where she guides. She never misleads. In this Case Nature was making an Effort to throw off what was obnoxious to her upon the Skin; but Dr *Thomson*, who has the Reins of Nature in his Hands, and can drive her where and how, as slow and as quick as he pleases, directs some **GENTLE COOLING PHYSIC**. Why would not you let us know what **GENTLE COOLING PHYSIC**? Are Names then as well as Characters *too mysterious for common Apprehension*? But however it was **COOLING PHYSIC**, and operated very slowly; and the next Morning, April 8th, he had slept but little, and had sweated profusely the preceding Night. The Fever, &c. was as high as if no Evacuations had been (you should have added made); all which made me direct bleeding again about 10 Ounces. You should have said you ordered him to lose 10 Ounces of Blood more, and ordered him Salts and Action Water with the **COOLING PHYSIC**, (that you had learnt by this Time could not be made into Pills) made in the Form of an Electuary, with 10 Grains of **Jalap**

Jalap in each Dose, which he took frequently. How frequently? Suppose he took it three or four Times that Day, here were 30 or 40 Grains of Jalap, with other purging Medicines, given that Day. *A considerable Quantity of these Medicines I believe operated but three or four Times.* So much the plainer, that you should not have purged at all. Nevertheless, April 9th, you repeated the *Manna Draught* (without mentioning the Quantity) though the *Sweats had been excessive in the Night.* And to show how far Ignorance and Obstinacy will carry a Man, you give it as a Reason, because *the profuse Sweatings was not critical, but a plain Indication of the Increase, rather than the Decline of the Fever.* Taking it for granted, that it was a plain Indication of the Increase, why would you continue to disturb Nature, after it is plain all these purging Medicines would not answer? Nature was still endeavouring to push her Way by Sweat, but you still crossed her in her Endeavours, by taking him out of his Bed, and continuing purging. Hear what *Hippocrates* says, *Quæ ducenda sunt eò ducenda quò maxime natura viam affectat, per loca lege naturæ commoda.* Aphor. xxi. Lib. i. Have you now acted agreeable to the *Maxims of the Ancients?*

You still persevere, April 10th. The Difficulty remaining of finding any Medicine that would move the Body, you ordered

dered him Glysters (in the plural Number) of the *pectoral Decoction*, with *lenitive Electuary*, besides a *Repetition of the purging Medicines*, all which produced but three or four *Motions*. I cannot tell how many Glysters you directed that Day, nor what Glysters, if the *pectoral Decoction* could do more than the common; but I do not wonder in the least, that in the Evening his Fever was higher, &c. You thwarted Nature, and increased the Fever by purging. No Ancient or Modern, for you affect to talk of them as if you were thoroughly acquainted with them, ever gave Purges in Fevers, and particularly *Jalap*, which does very well in *Dropfical Cases*, by stimulating the Glands of the Intestines by it's resinous Quality; but this resinous, fiery Quality makes it the most improper in Fevers; and therefore, as I said, it is no Wonder the Fever and other bad Symptoms continued as violent as before. These you with great Judgment endeavour to allay with a Pint of Emulsion of Almonds, cooling Seeds, with two or three Drams of Syrup of Poppies. Two or three Drams of Syrup of Poppies! There is not an old Woman in Town that does not know, a Child of four Years old might swallow that Quantity, and be neither the better or worse for it; and here you expected in an Adult, a mighty Effect from it, when it was joined to a Pint of Emulsion. Was not I right when I said, how should

should a Man know in what Quantity to prescribe, that is entirely ignorant of the Power and Virtue of Medicine?

*April 11.* Because he slept ill, his Sweats increased, and the Violence of the Symptoms, without mentioning them, continued, you ordered bleeding again, COOLING PHYSIC, and Glysters. You do not specify what COOLING PHYSIC, what Quantity of Blood was taken away, nor how many Glysters were repeated; however he obtained with Difficulty six or seven Motions, and you now thought him better by this Procedure. Dr Broxholme had attended that Afternoon, and approved of your Method. You both liked the swelling of his Hands, and as his Water began to break, and the rest of the Symptoms appeared more favourable, we desisted from more Evacuations, unless a Glyster for the next Morning.

*April 12.* Nothing was thought necessary to be prescribed, unless the Emulsion at Night. By having done too much before, and nothing now, the Storm began to rise.

*April 13.* The Sweats returned as much as ever; and, not to transcribe your whole Case *Verbatim*, all the Symptoms as bad as ever. You continued glystering him, and giving him Salts in *Acton* Water, but you do not

not tell us whether Mr *Winnington* was bled that Day; I should suppose he was, because Dr *Broxholme* and you thought it *necessary*; and I should suppose he was not, because you do not say he was. However, we may spare a bleeding or two; and the more so, as you yourself began to think it might; for *April 14*, Dr *Broxholme* and I agreed in Opinion, that if the Symptoms of Inflammation did not increase, we might without Danger omit bleeding (after bleeding so largely) if it possibly could be avoided, I thought taking away much Blood from Mr *Winnington* in that Condition very improper, being apprehensive it might bring on a *Dropsey*, which is often the Consequence of too great an Effusion of Blood. Did not you think so till now? What do you mean by *in that Condition* very improper? What Condition? You bled him all along, you bleed him again *April 18*. In a worse Condition, I mean, when he was actually dying, and yet now are afraid of a *Dropsey* by too great an Effusion of Blood. Do you call bleeding an Effusion of Blood? You may as well call the Consequence of a Purge a Looseness: The Question is, whether these Evacuations are made by Nature or Art? If they are performed by the former, we are to consider, whether they are made by too great Fullness or Weakness; if by the latter, through Ignorance or Judgment? You are so little acquainted with Diseases,

Diseases, that you do not know that Blood may gush from the Nostrils, from the Fundament, and every Outlet of Nature, by its Texture being broke through Intemperance or too large Evacuations. This was the Case with Mr *Winnington*. You call an Inflammation what was a broken Texture of Blood, and yet you go on in your old way of bleeding, because *by being too cautious of splitting upon this Rock, the Inflammation often treacherously gains the Ascendant, and the Patient dies of a Mortification, the fatal End of almost all Inflammations.*

*Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.* Hor.

And now for Authority, the only Authority you have thought fit to use throughout the whole Defence.

*Hi omnes moriuntur quasi morbo pestilentiali.* Boerh.

Would you infer from this, that your Patient died for want of more BLEEDING? Your Reasoning and Quotation then are of a Piece indeed. *Boerhaave* is a voluminous Writer, and I do not love Index hunting; but I will venture to assert, that the Quotation has no more to do in this Place than *Fortunam Priami cantabo,*

*cantabo, &c.* In the Introduction you quote Scripture, and confound the Prophet *Isaiah* with King *David*. Here your Authority may be *Boerhaave*, but you bring him in to no Purpose. Who are these *Hi omnes*? Why would you not give us a Line or two before, and let us know in what Part of *Boerhaave* you found these six Words? Is it not pleasant to hear a Man talk of Ancients that is incapable of quoting the most common Modern with the least Propriety?

*April 15.* The Fever continued, the Rheumatic Pains abated. The Medicines the same, *i.e.* COOLING PHYSIC.

*April 16.* The Water suddenly grew pale, and the Quantity was very great. He had three or four Motions this Day from the COOLING PHYSIC.

Let us now cast an Eye back and observe how often Mr *Winnington* was blooded. The latter End of *March* we will suppose ten Ounces; the sixth of *April*, twelve Ounces; *April 8*, ten Ounces; *April 11*, suppose ten Ounces; *April 13*, suppose ten Ounces. We suppose where you do not express the Quantity, ten Ounces; because ten Ounces is a Sort of middle Quantity between seven and fourteen, the greatest and least Quantity you drew

drew at a Time. In all fifty-two ounces. Let us now see how often you purged him.

*April 7.* Some gentle COOLING PHYSIC.

*April 8.* Salts and *Aeton* Water, with an Electuary made of *Cassia*, *Tamarinds*, *Nitre*, *Chrystals of Tartar*, and about ten Grains of *Jalap* in each Dose. And,

*April 9.* The *Manna* Draught, which must be supposed (as we have not heard of it before) the GENTLE COOLING PHYSIC of *April 7.*

*April 10.* A Glyster, and a Repetition of the purging Medicines.

*April 11.* COOLING PHYSIC.

*April 12.* A Glyster that Morning.

*April 13.* Besides the Glyster of two Ounces of Lenitive-Electuary, Salts and *Aeton* Water.

*April 14.* The Glysters were continued, nor were they sufficient without some COOLING PHYSIC.

If *Hippocrates* is of any Authority, hear what the Divine old Man says, *Quæ judican-*

*tur perfectè quæq; judicata sunt exquisite, nullo modo movenda neque novanda, neque medicamentis purgantibus, neque aliis irritamentis, sed missa facienda, Aph. xx. lib. i. The great Difficulty with which he was purged should have deterred you from proceeding. Si qualia purgare oportet excludantur, consert, perferuntque alacriter. Sin contrà, difficulter ferunt, Hippoc. Aph. xxv. lib. i.*

I hope by this Time the Reader will observe, that I have been cautious of using abstruse physical Arguments; what I have said every Man may understand; and my Authorities are indisputable.

After Mr *Winnington* was so often purged, and bled, and glyster'd, yet *April* the 17th, you was so ignorant as to think you had been too remiss in Evacuations, and trusted too much to the swelling of the Hands; and you go on, but *I* was soon convinced of what *I* had before apprehended, for the Blood gushed from his Nostrils, and a few Hours afterwards he bled again: Hence it was demonstrable, that let the Quantity of Blood lost before, be what it would, yet the Inflammation rose, and feebly attempted a Crisis.

I am convinced too of what *I* apprehended, and that is by over PURGING and BLEEDING, you had now broke the Texture of the Blood, and

and relaxed the Solids. You have condemn'd yourself out of your own Mouth unawares, though, as you have expressed it, it is Non-sense. *The Inflammation ROSE, AND FEEBLY ATTEMPTED a Crisis.* What do you mean by an Inflammation attempting a Crisis? But to suppose for once it did attempt a Crisis, it did it *feeble*, and why? Because you had exhausted Nature by your repeated Evacuations, as evidently appears now to every common Capacity; and NATURE, not the Inflammation, feebly attempted a Crisis.

To go on, *I was now convinced it was something more than a common rheumatic Fever.* Here you are convinced again; you thought it was a rheumatic Fever, but now it is a rheumatic Fever and something more; What more? Why, after enumerating the Symptoms that denounce the Dissolution of the Animal Oeconomy, you are so sharp-fighted as to find out *what you feared*, the *Aphthæ or Thrush, a Disease scarcely observed by our modern Writers in Physick.* There is no talking to a Man about Ancients or Moderns, that does not know what they did or did not write. I do not care to shew my reading, but I will refer you to an Author whom you would make us believe you have read, because you have quoted him. I mean *Boerhaave*, and there you will find a long Account of it.\*

April 18. Because the Thrush rather increased, and the Sweatings UNHAPPILY continued, you took away a larger Quantity of Blood than ever, fourteen Ounces; he had two Motions the preceding Night, and five this, by Glysters, and COOLING PHYSIC. Who can suppose you found out the Thrush by your great Sagacity, and knew so little of it when it was found out, as to think the Physic's operating with more Ease than before, a favourable Prognostic, and shewed the Thrush went thro' the Body; which is talking too gross Nonsense to deserve a serious Answer. However, you determined to push the Evacuations farther in the Morning, April 17. to keep the Aphthæ under. Let the Aphthæ be never so little observed by our modern Writers, they are much less known by you; there is not an old Woman or Nurse that does not know them as soon as seen, and understand what they mean, which you do not. In the present Instance, they were the Sign of a beginning Mortification, and you still go on making Evacuations. One must have very confused Notions of an Inflammation and Mortification, not to be capable of distinguishing between one and the other. It is to be observed, that though you saw the bad Symptons increase, you did nothing this Day for the Relief of your Patient; you discontinued indeed even so light an Opiat as the Emulsion, in which was two or three

Drams

Drams of Syrup of Poppies, (for as good a Reason as that for which you first gave it) vide pag. 12 of the Case, because the Fever was higher than ever; you might have given a better. *He slept, and as I thought, rather too much, it appearing to be something lethargic.*\*

But the next Day you bled him fourteen Ounces, and the Day after seven Ounces more, and directed a Repetition of the Glysters. This Evening Dr Broxholme came to Town, and when we met, both had still Hopes of his Recovery, for which Reason you pushed the old Method, and directed a Repetition of the Glysters, and ordered two small Blisters to the Arms, and provided the former should not have a proper Effect, a Dissolution (a Solution you would have said) of Manna and Nitre, and Rob of Elder, in a Decoction of Figs, Raisins, &c. the Thrush made no Progress; but none came away by Stool.

I now begin to give over all Thoughts of convincing you. A Man should know something, be it ever so little, to be capable of Conviction. A Patient is reduced to the Symptoms of DEATH by BLEEDING and PURGING; the BLEEDING and PURGING is still continued, and the former to a greater Excess than ever. The Texture of the Blood is

\* Pag. 15.

is manifestly broke by these excessive Evacuations, as appears by the Bleeding at the Nose, &c. and you apply Blisters to break it still more : Spasms come on ; and *April 19.* *This Day passed much as the former, and although the Thrush increased a little, at Night we had still Hopes,* and gave him not a single Medicine, and, to crown the whole, *April 20,* pretend that *Mr Winnington's Fate depended upon the Event of twenty-four Hours,* when he was actually dying ; and you continue in your shameful Ignorance so far, as to think to purge away the Thrush, and *he might yet recover !* because you apprehended the Disease was come to a Crisis. When Men consider this, and hear you talk of acting *agreeable to the Maxims of the Ancients,* when it is plain you never read them ; find fault with modern Practice, when you do not understand the first Rudiments of it ; and set yourself up as a Reformer and Introducer of *a new Discipline* in Physic, without the least Knowledge of Medicine, or Diseases ; I say, when Men consider this, their Indignation must rise above their Contempt. They cannot despise your Ignorance so much as they must detest your Self-sufficiency, which one of the most elegant Writers, in our Language, very justly stiles the worst Composition out of the Pride and Ignorance of Mankind.

I can-

I cannot finish without observing, that your Fondness for purging was so great, that when *Mr WILTON informed you that Mr Winnington began to faint, swallowed with great Difficulty, and desired to know what should be given to support him, you sent Word, only to continue the last Medicine, which was an Infusion of Senna, with Manna, Nitre, Salts, &c.* Is a Faintness an Inflammation too,—that it requires COOLING PHYSIC? Or because a Difficulty of swallowing is a Symptom of a Quinsy, and a Quinsy is an Inflammation, and therefore this Difficulty of swallowing must be an Inflammation, and require COOLING PHYSIC? However preposterous this reasoning may appear, it is your's. An acute Fever is an Inflammation, and a rheumatic Fever is an Inflammation, do but BLEED and GIVE COOLING PHYSIC, and the Busines is done. If bleeding and purging indiscriminately could cure all Inflammations, (*the new Discipline or Practice of Physic you would pretend to introduce in this Kingdom*) it would be a short and easy Way to commence DOCTOR, without the Trouble of reading, or Fatigue of Study.

You own yourself at last at a Stand. Sir *Edward Hulse* ordered him the Bark and Alum, and though you was at the End of your Judgment, nor could take upon you to suggest

suggest any Thing, you thought them very improper in the present State of such a Disease.

I find the Observation, that Knowledge and Modesty generally go together, as well as Impudence and Ignorance, is true. All the while you assumed more Judgment than became you, you was plunged in Error; no sooner do you own yourself at *the End* of your *Judgment*, but you show something like Judgment; for though you could not tell what was proper to be done, you could what was improper. But when with Affection of deep Judgment you observed, *if he took any Astringents, he could not live many Hours*, you had not then Judgment enough to see he was actually dying, and *could not live many Hours*, whether he took any thing or nothing.

To draw to a Conclusion, I have all along reasoned with you upon the Supposition of *thus stands the loud clamoured Case of Mr Winnington*: Allowing his Case to be rightly stated, in the Course of which, I hope, I have convinced the Reader, that you cannot write proper *English* when left to yourself\*: That you cannot write Sense when you write *Physic* †: That you do not know

\* Pag. 10. Ibidem. Pag. 12. line 3.

† Pag. 14.

know the Composition of Medicine \*, though you was some Years with one of the most eminent Apothecaries in Town; that you are ignorant of their Virtues, though you write yourself *M. D.* †: And that you know nothing of Symptoms, Diseases, or Cures, throughout the whole; and differ very little from Dr *Sangrado* in *Gil-Blas*. ‘ In vain did he see every Day twenty People die under the Excellence of bleeding in the Arm, and drinking copiously of Water, which he called his two Specificks for all Sorts of Diseases, that instead of laying the Blame on his Medicines, he thought his Patients only died for want of having drank enough, and having been sufficiently blooded.’

Dr *Sangrado* gave hot Water, and Dr *Thomson*, COOLING PURGES!

IT appears then Mr *Winnington* lost about seventy-three Ounces of Blood from first to last; was purged and took COOLING PHYSIC, or glystered, almost every Day, from the 6th of *April* to the 20th, and yet you talk of a Crisis, when you took every Step to prevent a Crisis: And doubt, p. 16, after not having trusted at all, whether you had not trusted too much to the swelling of the Hands; as if it was possible to trust too much to the swelling of the Hands or Feet in gouty and rheumatic Cases! One can scarce be serious

D

in

in the Confutation of such glaring Absurdities \*. To give purging Medicines, because a Disease is come to a Crisis, and that too in *Articulo Mortis*, to bring away a Thrush, is, to your eternal Shame and Confusion, not to know what a Crisis, what a Thrush, and what a Disease is !

If this be your Method of bringing Diseases to a Crisis, you will slay a greater Number than *Saul* and *David* put together ; Thousands and ten Thousands.

But I shrewdly suspect, that Mr *Winnington*'s *loud clamoured Case*, as you call it, does not *stand thus*, and that for three Reasons among the many. *First*, Because I can never suppose a Man so perfectly ignorant, as you are in Physic, capable of *laying before the Public a fair State of any Case*. *Secondly*, Because you *kill* Mr *Winnington* the 21st of *April*, at ten in the Morning, a few Hours after you left him ; and it is well known, that you did not leave him till the Morning he actually died, which was the 23d : So that this *fair State of the Case* is a very unfair one. And, *lastly*, as you are a marvellous, wonder-working Man, you are apt to deal too much in *Fiction*. I have not the Honour of knowing Dr *Broxholme*, but I am credibly informed he thinks so too. I

shall

\* Vide pag. 20.

shall close with your own Words as an Apology for having detained the Reader so long.

\* ' And, indeed, when it is considered, how intimately the Welfare of Mankind depends on a right Practice in Phyfic, it is certainly the Duty of every Professor to expose all Deviations from it.'

\* Pag. 22, 23.

*I am,*

*S I R,*

*Henrietta-street,  
Covent-Garden,  
9 June 1746.*

*Your's, &c.*

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

enfants ou des enfants nus, voire dénudés; mais  
c'est à ce sujet que l'artiste a fait une

exception à la règle. Il a fait une  
exception à la règle en dénudant une  
fille, mais il a fait une autre exception  
en dénudant une autre jeune fille, et  
cette autre jeune fille est dénudée

comme une jeune femme.

1961

1962

1962  
1963  
1964

1963 1964

1963 1964 1965